

NOVEMBER

NO. 26

# NATIONAL

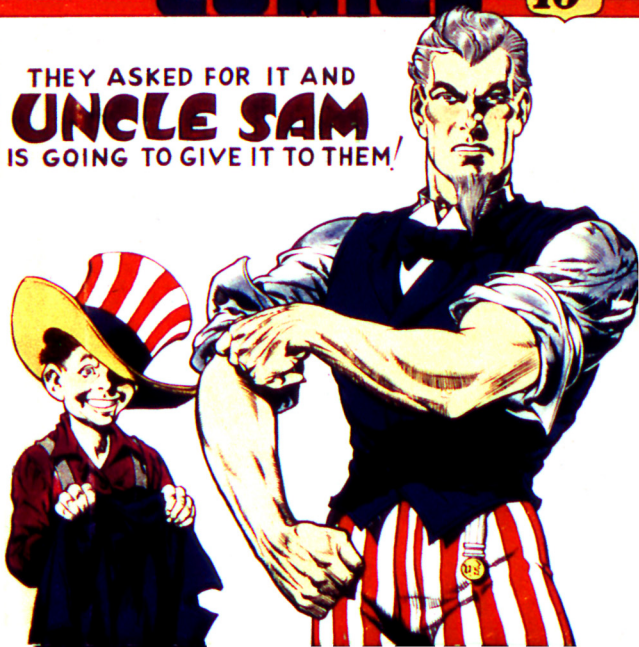


5¢  
11

## COMICS

10¢

THEY ASKED FOR IT AND  
**UNCLE SAM**  
IS GOING TO GIVE IT TO THEM!







WEB COMIC  
UNIVERSE.COM



# HERE IT IS!

# POLICE

COMICS 10¢

NOVEMBER  
No. 13

RUBBER  
*Salvage*  
COLLECTION

WITH  
THE BEST  
COMICS  
EVER TO  
REACH  
THE  
NEWS-  
STANDS  
!



**TWO SMASHING LEAD FEATURES**  
**PLASTIC MAN AND THE SPIRIT**  
**Plus MANHUNTER THE HUMAN BOMB**  
**CHIC CARTER PHANTOM LADY**  
**AND MANY OTHERS**

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# UNCLE SAM

by William E. Eisner

UNCLE SAM AGAIN  
TURNS THE TABLES  
ON THOSE WHO WOULD  
SABOTAGE AMERICAN  
WAR EFFORTS

THERE LIES OUR SUCCESS  
OR FAILURE. WE MUST  
STOP THE DEMOCRACIES'  
OIL SUPPLY!!

YOU ARE RIGHT, VON  
STUHL. THE COUNTRIES  
THAT CONTROL THE  
WORLD'S OIL  
SUPPLIES WILL WIN  
THIS WAR!

SEE THAT ONE OF OUR  
CHEMISTS GETS INTO  
EVERY LEADING AMERICAN  
OIL REFINERY. I HAVE A  
PLAN TO CRUSH THESE  
UNITED NATIONS.

I WILL  
ATTEND TO IT  
AT ONCE!













TELL OUR MEN IN THE LABORATORIES TO CONCENTRATE ON THE HIGH OCTANE GASOLINE..

AS YOU COMMAND SIR



I HAVE INFORMATION THAT ALL OF THE U.S. A HIGH OCTANE GAS OUTPUT THIS MONTH IS DESTINED FOR RUSSIA. AND WHEN IT GETS THERE IT MUST NOT BE HIGH OCTANE..... IS THAT CLEAR?

YES, SIR.. I WILL SEE THAT OUR MEN ARE TOLD..

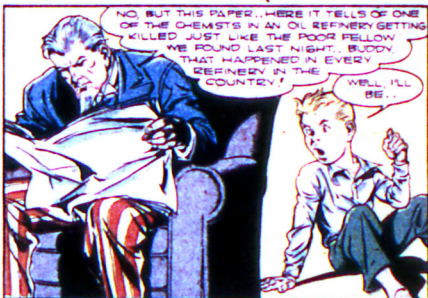


MEANWHILE IN UNCLE SAM'S APARTMENT...

HUH? WHATTAYA KNOW?



DON'T TELL ME THEY GOT BB EYES!



NO, BUT THIS PAPER.. HERE IT TELLS OF ONE OF THE CHEMISTS IN AN OIL REFINERY GETTING KILLED JUST LIKE THE POOR FELLOW WE FOUND LAST NIGHT.. BUDDY, THAT HAPPENED IN EVERY REFINERY IN THE COUNTRY!

WELL, I'LL BE..



CMON, BUDDY.. WE HAVE WORK TO DO!!

I'LL SAY WE HAVE..



AT A MEETING OF THE OIL CONSERVATION BOARD..

WHY WAIT?? LET'S SLAP THOSE NEW CHEMISTS IN JAIL..

NO... LET THEM GO AHEAD WITH THEIR SABOTAGE ON HIGH OCTANE GAS



BUT THAT WILL BE PLAYING RIGHT INTO THE NAZIS' HANDS..

NO WE WILL REPLACE THE REDUCED GAS WITH HIGH OCTANE BEFORE IT LEAVES FOR RUSSIA.. THUS THE NAZIS WILL COUNT ON THE FAILURE OF OUR GAS IN RUSSIA AND BE FOOLED



A FEW DAYS LATER..

CALLING BERCHTESGADEN OPERATOR 13.. EVERYTHING UNDER PERFECT CONTROL. HIGH OCTANE IS NOW BELOW RATING OF OUR ORDINARY STANDARD GAS..



MEIN FUEHRER, A MESSAGE FROM BARON VON STUHL FROM AMERICA!



FINE.. FINE.. GIVE ME QUICK!!

TELL WILSON THERE MUST BE NO MISTAKE ABOUT THAT HIGH OCTANE BEING LOWER THAN OUR STANDARD GAS.. OUR WHOLE CAMPAIGN IS BASED ON HIS SUCCESS..



I WILL ATTEND TO IT AT ONCE, MEIN FUEHRER.



BE GONE, VARLET !!!

WHILE IN AMERICA, UNCLE SAM AND BUDDY WORK AT TOP SPEED.



HAND ME THAT WRENCH, BUDDY.. HOW DO YOU LIKE BEING A PIPE FITTERS HELPER?

OH, IT'S OKAY, BUT ALL THIS LOOKS LIKE A LOT OF HORSE FEATHERS TO ME..

NOT HORSE FEATHERS, BUT HORSE SENSE. THAT PIPE I JUST COUPLED ON CARRIES THE SABOTAGED HIGH OCTANE GAS TO AN UNDERGROUND TANK, AND THIS ONE FILLS THE TANKER WITH THE FINEST HIGH OCTANE IN THE WORLD..



AND ONLY THE GOOD OLD U.S.A. CAN MAKE THAT EXTRA HIGH OCTANE GAS..



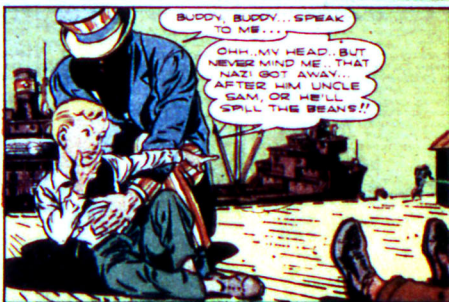
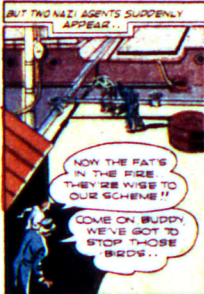
I GET IT. THE NAZIS THINK WE'RE GONNA THAT PUNK GAS TO RUSSIA, BUT YOU'RE GIVING THEM THE DOUBLE RAZZLE DAZZLE.

BUT WHY DON'T YOU HAVE PIPE-FITTERS DO THIS WORK?



IT'S OF TOO GREAT IMPORTANCE TO RISK LETTING SOMEONE ELSE DO. IF THE NAZIS GET WIND OF IT, THEY'D CALL OFF THEIR BIG OFFENSIVE IN RUSSIA..









AN EVER GROWING STRING  
OF TANKERS GOES TO  
RUSSIAN PORTS...



WHY, DON'T  
WE STAY  
HOME,  
UNCLE  
SAM?

WE ARE NEEDED  
IN RUSSIA AT  
PRESENT, BUDDY  
AND DON'T FORGET  
A BLOW THERE  
IS A BLOW FOR  
THE GOOD  
OLD U.S.A.



WUW! ONE OF THOSE  
LOW OCTANE TANKERS  
THE FUEHRERS  
ORDERS ARE TO LET  
THEM PASS... WONDER  
WHAT HE HAS UP  
HIS CLEEVE?



#### JOURNEY'S END

OUR MEN REPORT THAT  
YOUR NEW HIGH OCTANE  
GAS DOES UNBELIEVABLE  
THINGS... THEY  
HAVE NEVER  
SEEN SUCH  
POWER

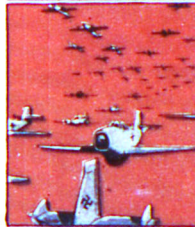
WELL, SIR  
WE ARE  
ONLY  
BEGINNING  
OVER IN  
AMERICA...



GENERALS I AM RELYING ON  
YOU, AND ESPECIALLY  
ON YOU, HERMAN.  
YOUR PLANES  
SHOULD WRITE  
NEW HISTORY  
IN THE SKIES  
TODAY!



THE FULL STRENGTH OF THE  
GERMAN AIR ARMADA  
TAKES TO THE AIR FOR THE  
FIRST TIME AS HITLER  
GAMBLES HIS ALL ON THIS  
ONE BATTLE...



SCRAMBLE  
HERE THEY  
COME!



NOW AT EM WITH YOUR  
NEW HIGH OCTANE  
GAS...

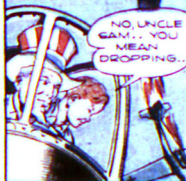




AND THE BATTLE FOR THE  
CONTROL OF THE AIR BEGINS.



BOY! WITH THIS  
NEW GAG THOSE  
NAZIS SEEM  
TO BE STANDING  
STILL!!



NO, UNCLE  
SAM... YOU  
MEAN  
DROPPING...

AS HITLER  
WATCHES  
THE AIR  
BATTLE

WHAY!!



HIMMEL... WE ARE LOST.  
OUR PLANES LOOK  
LIKE FREIGHT CARS  
UP THERE... I HAVE  
BEEN DOUBT  
CROSSED... GRRR



THE GREAT NAZI ARMADA  
IS A THING OF THE PAST...  
THE GERMANS TURN TAIL  
AND STREAK FOR HOME  
AND FATHERLAND....



WITHOUT THE AIR SUPPORT HITLER'S  
ARMY ALSO GIVES GROUND, AND IS  
SOON A RUSHING RUNNING MOB.

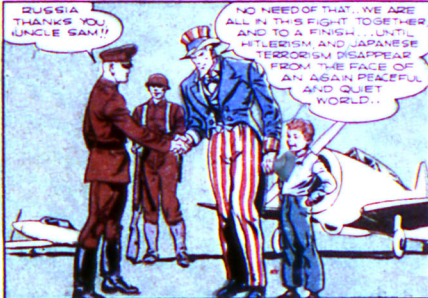


STOP!! STOP!! I SAY  
YOU'RE GOING THE WRONG  
WAY... THE RUSSIANS  
ARE BEHIND YOU...



YOU ARE  
TELLING  
US...

RUSSIA  
THANKS YOU  
UNCLE SAM!!



NO NEED OF THAT... WE ARE  
ALL IN THIS FIGHT TOGETHER  
AND TO A FINISH... UNTIL  
HITLERISM AND JAPANESE  
TERRORISM DISAPPEAR  
FROM THE FACE OF  
AN AGAIN PEACEFUL  
AND QUIET WORLD...

# Windy Breeze



by Ralph Juhus

OH, BOY... A SALE!  
WATCH ME GET  
A PAIR OF PANTS  
AT MY OWN  
PRICE!!

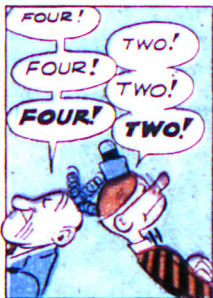


GIVE 'EM  
THE OLE  
HIGH PRESSURE,  
EH, UNK?

NOW  
HERE'S A  
DANDY AT  
FOUR DOLLARS  
!!!!



I'LL GIVE  
YOU TWO!!



LICKED  
SO SOON,  
UNK?

NOT BY  
A LONG  
SHOT!



HEY, UNK!  
YOU'RE SETTIN'  
THE JOINT  
ON  
FIRE!

I KNOW  
IT!...  
NOW WE'LL  
COME BACK  
TOMORROW  
!!



NEXT DAY...



I'VE COME BACK  
FOR THAT PAIR OF PANTS...  
FOR TWO  
BUCKS!

OKAY...  
OKAY...  
DON'T RUB  
IT IN!!



THERE, MY  
BOY... DIDN'T  
I TELL YOU  
I'D COME  
OUT IN THE  
END?



YOU SURE  
DID, UNK!!



HEY, CHAMP. I GOT  
ANOTHER MATCH  
FOR YA...

JUST A  
MINUTE,  
TOPPSY!

# Kid Dixon

By  
Bob Reynolds



IT'S AN ARMY-NAVY EMERGENCY FUND CARD AT BILGER'S STADIUM...

I WOULDN'T FIGHT FOR THAT GUY, BILGER, OTHERWISE BUT SINCE IT'S FOR THE ARMY AND NAVY, FINE!



THE DAY BEFORE THE MATCH, DIXON WEIGHS IN

THIS IS MOE GRUBB, KID! UNDERSTAND, BOYS, THE ENTIRE PURSE AND PROFITS IS GOING INTO THE FUND...

IT'S JAKE WITH ME!



SO LONG, KID

HA HA, WOTTA SUCKER! THE KID'D FIGHT IN ANYBODY'S RELIEF SHOW FER NOTHIN'!

A NICE, USEABLE HUNK O' DOUGH TOO BAD YA GOTTA GIVE IT TO THE FUND, BILGER.



GEE, BILGER, YA COULD BET THE GATE RECEIPTS ON THE FIGHT, COLLECT YER WINNINGS AN' THEN SEND THE ARMY ITS DOUGH ANYWAY. BUT WHO'LL BET AGAINST THE CHAMP?

YEAH THIS GRUBB'S A HAM! BOY, THE ODDS'LL BE BEAUTIFUL! A GUY WITH SMART MONEY COULD MAKE A KILLIN' IF THE KID LOST!!



COULD BE, BOYS COULD BE!!



LIKE A MAGNET, THE CHAMPION'S NAME  
DRAWS A CAPACITY CROWD TO THE ARENA.

WHERE'D YA PICK UP  
THIS HANDLER FER ME?

OH, BILGER  
LENT HIM TO US.  
NOW, JUS' RELAX,  
KID.

THERE'S YER CUE,  
CHAMP... SIZE  
'IM UP IN THE  
FIRST STANZA!

BONG

BONG!

BOY, YER IN GREAT  
SHAPE, KID!

GLUG X GOT  
THIRSTY.

BUT AT THE BELL, A CHANGED KID DIXON  
GETS UP. HE SHAKES HIS HEAD CONFUSEDLY.

WHAZ' MATTER  
WITH ME?   
WHHHH... FEEL  
SLEEPY...

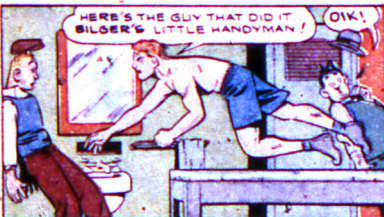
BREAK IT, KID!

C'N  
HAR'LY  
STAY  
WAKE

WISH 'IS GUY'D STOP  
WOBBLIN'.











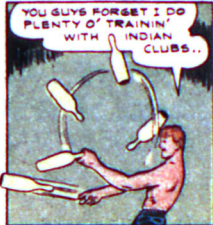
LOOK OUT, KID!



NICE PLAYMATES  
THIS GUY  
BILGER HAS!



YOU GUYS FORGET I DO  
PLENTY O' TRAININ'  
WITH INDIAN  
CLUBS..



THIS GUY'S  
IMPOSSIBLE!

LET'S GET OUTA HERE!



OH NO, I NEED YOU  
GUYS HERE AS  
CHARACTER  
WITNESSES!



WOW! A  
STRIKE!



ALL TOGETHER NOW, BOYS... TELL US  
HOW YOU MANIPULATE FUNDS...  
IT'LL MAKE NICE READING FOR THE  
CHIEF OF POLICE OVER HIS BREAK-  
FAST !!!!



OH, YOU'RE BACK, DIXON! WE FOUND ALL THE  
EVIDENCE WE'LL NEED IN THIS BOTTLE OF  
DOPED WATER... MR. TOPP'S JUST CAME TO.

WHAT'S HE SO  
HAPPY ABOUT?

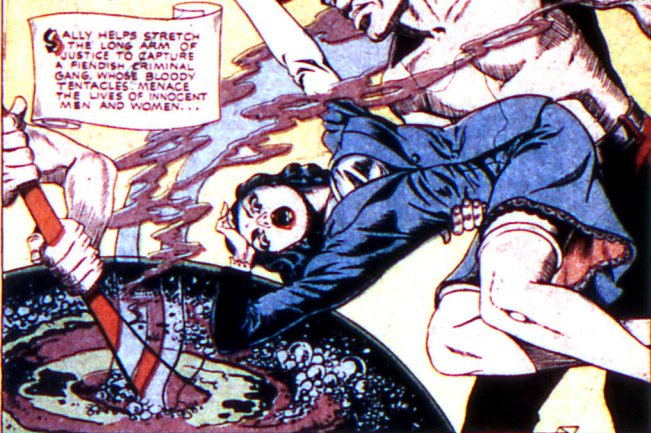


OH, I HAD THE MOST  
BEAUTIFUL DREAM...  
I WASN'T IN THIS  
GAME NO MORE.  
I WAS A MILKMAN...  
ALL I HAD TO  
WORRY ABOUT  
WAS A HORSE!  
AHHH, GEE .....



# Sally O'Neil

POLICEWOMAN



SALLY HELPS STRETCH THE LONG ARM OF JUSTICE TO CAPTURE A FIENDISH CRIMINAL GANG, WHOSE BLOODY TENTACLES MENACE THE LIVES OF INNOCENT MEN AND WOMEN...



SALLY I'M GOING TO LET YOU HAVE A CRACK AT CLEANING UP THAT DOPE RING!

THAT'S FOR ME!

WE'VE RECEIVED A TIP THAT THEY'LL BE DRIVING UP ROUTE 33A ABOUT TWO O'CLOCK IN A BLUE BENSON SEDAN.. SO... YOU MIGHT BEGIN WITH A TRY AT HITCH-HIKING!

A SHORT TIME LATER...

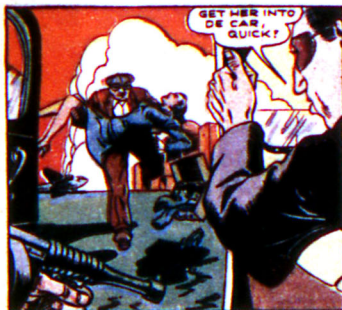
THIS ONE FITS THE DESCRIPTION.. HERE'S HOPING!!











AT HEADQUARTERS SALLY'S BROTHER'S HEAR ABOUT THE INCIDENT AT THE AIRPORT..

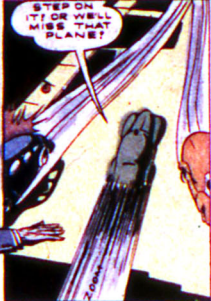
THE WOMAN CARRIED OFF THE FIELD IS BELIEVED TO BE POLICEMAN SALLY O'NEIL!

SALLY!!  
WE'D BETTER  
GET OUT  
THERE FAST!



HEY! WHAT'S  
THE BIG IDEA?!

SORRY, BUT  
WE'RE IN  
A HURRY!



STEP ON  
IT! OR WE'LL  
MISS THAT  
PLANE!



IF THAT KID  
IS HURT...  
P.L.L...P.L.L...



AT THE HIDEOUT.

C'MON, SPILL  
IT! WHAT  
WUZ YER  
GAME?



I TELL YOU I  
WAS WORRIED  
BECAUSE I  
THOUGHT THE  
COPS WERE  
CLOSING IN!

YER  
LYIN'!



LOOK, BOSS?  
SHE'S A  
COPPER  
HERSELF!



WE'D BETTER  
GET RID OF HER! LET'S  
TAKE HER DOWN  
TO HENRY, THE  
GRAVESTONE  
CUTTER!



HENRY HAS  
A LIME PIT  
THAT WILL DO  
A NICE JOB  
FOR US!





FOR A GRAND  
IT'LL BE A PLEASURE  
TO DO IT, BOYS!

*Meanwhile, Sally's brothers  
have arrived and search  
in vain for clues as to  
her whereabouts..*



GOSH! WE'VE LOOKED  
ALMOST EVERYWHERE  
FOR HER!



NO SENSE PARKING  
NEAR-THE CEMETERY.  
SHE CERTAINLY ISN'T  
HERE... I HOPE..!



*Suddenly...*  
**TWEET**

THAT WHISTLE!  
IT MAY BE SALLY!



LET'S  
GO!



YOU MURDEROUS  
RATS!



OUT OF  
MY WAY,  
WORM!



TRY SOME OF  
THAT HOT LIME!  
YOURSELF!

MIKE!



*LATER, AFTER PUTTING THE  
DOPE RING BEHIND BARS..*

**WHEW!** YOU  
WERE IN A  
TOUGH SPOT  
THERE FOR  
AWHILE, SIS!  
LUCKY THING  
YOU BLEW THAT  
WHISTLE!

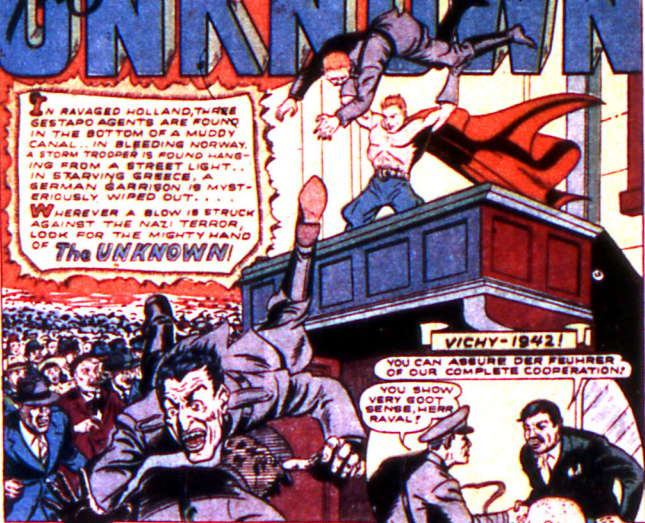
NO MORE  
WITCH-HIK-  
ING FOR ME!  
FROM NOW  
ON... I WALK!

*MORE CHILLING THRILLS WITH THE COUNTRY'S  
NUMBER ONE POLICEMAN IN THE NEXT  
ISSUE OF* **NATIONAL COMICS.**

# The UNKNOWN

IN RAVAGED HOLLAND, THREE GESTAPO AGENTS ARE FOUND IN THE BOTTOM OF A MUDDY CANAL... IN BLEEDING NORWAY, A STORM TROOPER IS FOUND HANGING FROM A STREET LIGHT... IN STARVING GREECE, A GERMAN GARRISON IS MYSTERIOUSLY WIPE OUT. . .

WHEREVER A BLOW IS STRUCK AGAINST THE NAZI TERROR, LOOK FOR THE MIGHTY HAND OF **The UNKNOWN!**



VICHY-1942!

YOU CAN ASSURE DER FEHRER OF OUR COMPLETE COOPERATION!

YOU SHOW VERY GOOT SENSE, HERR RAVAL!

CITIZENS OF FRANCE, AS ZE NEW HEAD OF ZE GOVERNMENT, EET EES MY PLEASURE TO ANNOUNCE ZAT ZEES EES ZE BEGINNING OF A NEW ERA FOR OUR BELOVED COUNTRY!

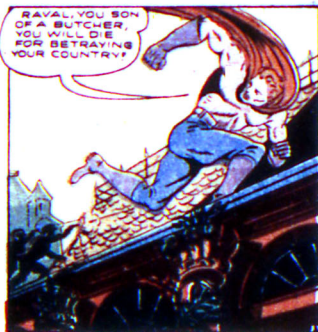


APPLAUD WHEN WE TELL YOU TO, YOU FISS? CHEER!

LOOK HARRY, YOU FRENCH SCHWINE!









ZEES EES VERY  
UPSETTING.  
GENTLEMEN...  
VERY UPSETTING!  
LET US GO  
INSIDE!



VIVA THE UNKNOWN!  
VIVA LA FRANCE!  
THE MARSEILLAISE  
SING IT!! BRING  
YOUR FRENCH TO  
VICTORY!!



ARREST A HUNDRED  
OF THEM! ZEY WILL  
LEARN WHAT IT MEANS  
TO TRIFLE WITH ZE  
NEW ORDER!



MOVE ALONG, YOU DOGS,  
OR THERE WON'T BE  
A WHOLE SKULL  
LEFT AMONG  
YOU!

WATER, IN A  
CROWDED CELL

WE WILL  
DIE OF  
SUFFOCATION  
HERE!

OPEN UP!  
LET US OUT!



IT WILL BE MUSIC TO  
MY EARS TO HEAR ZE  
MACHINE GUNS MOW  
DOWN THOSE DEMOCRATIC  
SWINE!

FOR THE  
UNKNOWN  
HAS SUDDEN-  
LY APPEARED  
ON THE SCENE!

HE'LL NEVER  
NEED THESE  
KEYS AGAIN!



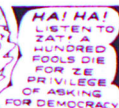
BUT, BACK IN  
THE PRISON...  
ALL IS NOT WELL  
WITH THE NAZI  
GUARDS...

HIMMEL!  
VOT GIFFS?



ANYHERE COME  
TWO MORE OF  
THEM...AND  
CARRYING THE  
VERY THING I  
WANT!





AS THE UNKNOWN WALKS TO THE EXIT, THE MACHINE GUN BEGINS TO BARK A MESSAGE OF REVENGE!

DEATH TO THE NAZI HANGMEN!

RAT TATATAT

MERCI, UNKNOWN! WE LEAVE TO FIGHT FOR OUR COMMON CAUSE!

I TRUST YOU SPOIL YOUR APPETITES TO LEARN THAT A WHOLE SQUADRON OF NAZI RIFF-RAFF HAS JUST BEEN WIPE OUT BY FREE FRENCH-MEN!

THE UNKNOWN AGAIN! DON'T LET HIM NEAR ME!

I SAID YOU WOULD DIE, RAVAL, AND DIE YOU SHALL!

YOU MAY RUN, BUT YOU CANNOT ESCAPE!

AS THE CAR CROSSES A BRIDGE, THE UNKNOWN LEANS OVER, GRIPS THE STEERING WHEEL A SHARP TWIST... AND...

SOMETHING HAS LANDED ON THE ROOF OF THE CAR! CAN IT BE... NO! NO! IT MUST NOT...

THE CAR PLUNGES THROUGH THE RAIL INTO THE RIVER..

HURRY! WE CAN HIDE AT MY COUNTRY ESTATE!

ANOTHER FILTHY GUILTY WAS PAID FOR HIS TREACHERY.. AND NOW FOR THE NEXT ONE ON MY LIST!



by DAN WILSON

# KID PATROL

**LITTLE PITCHERS HAVE BIG EARS... WHICH HEAR ALL THE WRONG THINGS... SOMETHING THE KID PATROL DISCOVERS ON A HILARIOUS TRIP TO THE CIRCUS...**

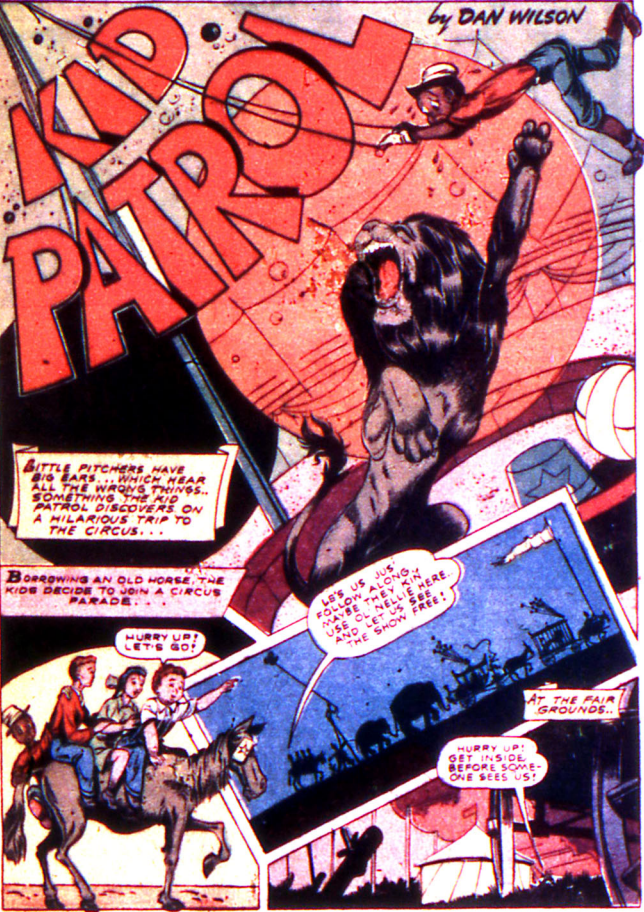
**BORROWING AN OLD HORSE, THE KIDS DECIDE TO JOIN A CIRCUS PARADE...**

**HURRY UP!  
LET'S GO!**

**LET'S US JUS'  
FOLLOW ALONG...  
MAYBE THEY KIN  
USE OL NELLIE HERE...  
AND LET US SEE  
THE SHOW FREE!**

**AT THE FAIR  
GROUNDS...**

**HURRY UP!  
GET INSIDE  
BEFORE SOME-  
ONE SEES US!**



HAW! HAW!  
WE SHO PULLED  
A FAST ONE ON  
DE GUY WHAT  
OWNS THIS  
CIRCUS?

HEY! YOU KIDS!  
HOW DID YOU  
GET IN HERE?

P-LEASE, PLEASE,  
MISTER!  
DON'T KICK  
US OFF, WE  
JUST WANNA  
SEE THE SHOW.  
MAYBE WE KIN  
WORK OR  
SOMETHIN'.

WELL, MAYBE WE COULD  
USE A COUPLA WATER  
BOYS?

HOT DIGGITY!  
LET ME AT  
DEM WATER  
PAIS!

I'LL FILL DEM TILL  
DEY IS JUS' SUBBLIN'  
OVAN!

WHOA!

HERE YO  
IS, LIL'  
ELEPHANT.  
A NICE  
BIG  
DRINK!

I'LL GO GET  
SOME MO'  
WATER,  
PORKY.

BUT, AS HE PASSED AN EMPTY STALL

WHATTA YA MEAN  
YA AINT GOT THE  
DOUGHT? YA BETTER  
COUGH IT UP  
BEFORE I  
LOSE MY  
TEMPER!

PLEASE,  
GEORGE!

NO, GIRL,  
HE SHO IS  
MEAN TO  
HER. I'M  
GLAD I GOT  
NOTHIN' TO  
WORRY  
ABOUT.



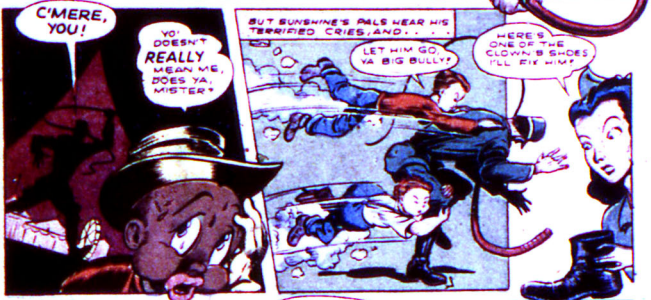
SUDDENLY...



HALP!

WHA...? THAT KID... HE MUST'VE HEARD EVERYTHING! GOTTA GET HOLD OF HIM!

DOWN, JUNGLE, DOWN!



C'MERE, YOU!

YO! DOESN'T REALLY MEAN ME, DOES YA, MISTER?

BUT SUNSHINE'S PALE HEAR HIS TERRIFIED CRIES, AND...

LET HIM GO, YA BIG BULLY!

HERE'S ONE OF THE CLOWN'S SHOES I'LL FIX HIM!



THAT'LL TEACH YOU TO PICK ON SUNSHINE!

THIS AIN'T NO PLACE FO' ME... I BETTER GIT MOVIN'!

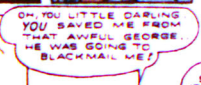
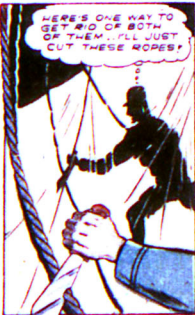
LOOKS NICE AN' QUIET THROUGH THIS DOOR!

G-GOSH! AH'S RIGHT IN THE MIDDLE OB DE LION'S RING!

??







THEY'LL BE BACK, THESE FUN-LOVING KIDS, WITH ANOTHER EXCITING ADVENTURE IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF **NATIONAL COMICS**

# QUICKSILVER

THE JAZZ-BOY COME-ON HOOD



FOLKS, DIS IS ZIMBAMBOO..AWAY DOWN IN DE JUNGLES OF SOUTH AMERICA, ALL WAS QUIET AND PEACEABLE-LIKE DOWN HERE UNTIL TODAY!! DE VOLCANO BEHIND US WENT FSSST AN STARTED PUFFIN SMOKE LIKE NOBODY'S BUSINESS! WORSE'N THAT DE NATIVES...NOT QUITE CANNIBALS BUT ALMOS...STOOD SHIVERING ALL OVER...AN' DEN... LIKE A BUNCH O' HARLEM HEP-CATS, WENT INTO A DANCE DAT WOULD MAKE DE SAVOY BALLROOM LOOK LIKE A PLACE WHERE LADIES AN' GENTS WAS DOIN' DE MINUET!

**HEY!**

DIS AINT NO TIME TO JIVE! LOOKIE HERE YOU CRAZY FOOLS, DIS IS YOUR KING TALKING TO YOU... RUFUS T. JONES! CUT OUT DIS HERE RAMBUNCTIOUS HOPPIN' AROUND!





SECRETARY OF STATE... YOUSE WAS KING BEFO' ME! WHAT'S DE MATTER WIT' DEM? DEY IS DOIN' DE DANCE OF DEATH!



WHEN DE SACRED MOUNTAIN SMOKES WE DANCES FO' SIX DAYS AN' NIGHTS! DEN WE GOES INTO DE JUNGLE T' CAPTURE EVERYBODY WE CAN... AN DEN WE SACRIFICES DEM TO DE GOD OF DE MOUNTAIN BY THROWIN' DE CAPTIVES IN IT! AN' OH... WE ALWAYS SACRIFICES OUR KING FIRST!



GLIMP! AHS CHEATED WHEN MAH AMBASSADORS WON DE THRONE! YOUSE IS KING AGAIN... AN AHS GOIN' HOME T' HARLEM!

YOUSE CAN'T NOW

'SNIFF' WHY DIDN'T AH LEAVES MAH AMBASSADORS' HOME... NOW LOOKIE WHAT DEY'S GOT ME IN FO'!!



**NEWS**  
TRAVELS FAST AND BEFORE THE NEXT NIGHT IS OVER, THE STORY OF THE DANCE OF DEATH HAS SPREAD AS FAR NORTH AS HARLEM..

MAN, DEY THROWS ANYBODY DEY CATCHES NEAR ZIMBAMBOO RIGHT INTO DE RED-HOT VOLCANO!

BO... YOU THINK HARLEM'S F-FAR ENOUGH AWAY?



AND AROUND THE CORNER A DARING FIGURE LISTENS ATTENTIVELY...

**...QUICKSILVER!**

WOW! THERES A DETACHMENT OF SOLDIERS NOT TEN MILES FROM ZIMBAMBOO... THOSE NATIVES MIGHT STORY THE CAMP!



WHERE UNCLE SAM'S MEN ARE CONCERNED, IM NOT WASTING ANY TIME!



**POWERFUL LEGS ROCKET QUICKSILVER, KING OF SPEED LIKE A GREASED BOLT OF LIGHTNING TOWARD THE NATIVE VILLAGE OF ZIMBAMBOO!**





BY THE FOLLOWING NIGHT **QUICKSILVER** HAS TRAVELED THOUSANDS OF MILES AND CRASHES IN ON THE DANCING SAVAGES WITH THE POWER OF A SIXTEEN-INCH SHELL!



THE  
SHINDIG IS  
ALL OVER  
BOYS!



THIS ISN'T DOING  
ANY GOOD! AS SOON  
AS I KNOCK THEM  
DOWN THEY GET UP  
AND START ALL  
OVER AGAIN!



H.M.M. THE  
KING! MAYBE  
I SHOULD HAVE  
STARTED WITH  
HIM IN THE  
FIRST PLACE!

WORRY,  
WORRY,  
WORRY.



C'MON, KING YOU  
PROBABLY STARTED THIS  
NOW STOP IT!!!



YOU CRAZY  
FOOL... AH'S GOT  
ENOUGH TROUBLE  
WITHOUT YOU  
SITTIN'... ON...  
**QUICKSILVER!**



AH'S CAN'T STOP THIS "JAM SESSION"...IT'S A TRADITION... AH'S EVEN ELECTED FIRST TO GET BAPTIZED IN THAT VOLCANO, CAUSE AH'S KING!



YOU ALL GOTTA DO SOMETHIN'.. MASSA QUICKSILVER. AH'S NEEDS HELP!!

YOU'RE TELLING ME! YOU'D BETTER START THINKING TOO!



HEY...THERE'S SOMETHING PHONEY ABOUT THAT VOLCANO. THE SMOKE...IT SMELLS LIKE OIL BURNING!



BOSS...AH'S GOT AN IDEA!

GOOD! SO HAVE I! I'LL SEE YOU LATER!



A FEW MINUTES LATER AT THE U.S. ARMY CAMP NEAR ZIMBAMBOO.

JUST SEND A COUPLE OF MEN OVER THERE SO THE NATIVES WON'T GET STARTED ON THEIR MAN-HUNT!

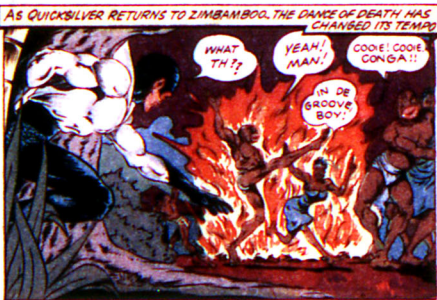


IT VIOLATES OUR AGREEMENT TO LEAVE NATIVE ACTIVITY ALONE...I'VE A FEW BOYS IN THE "COOP" FOR SHOOTING DICE...I'LL SEND THEM OVER...IT'LL GIVE THEM SOMETHING TO DO!

THANKS, MAJOR!



THAT'S THAT! NOW TO GET BACK TO THE VILLAGE AND TELL THE KING HE WONT GET DUNKED INTO THE VOLCANO..THEN I'LL FIND OUT WHY THE SMOKE FROM IT SMELLS OF OIL!



AS QUICKSILVER RETURNS TO ZIMBAMBOO, THE DANCE OF DEATH HAS CHANGED ITS TEMPO

WHAT TH?!

YEAH! MAN!

COOIE! COOIE! CONGA!!

IN DE GROOVE BOY!

AH'S DONE IT, QUICKSILVER!  
YOU ALL DON'T HAVE T' WORRY  
ABOUT NO "DANCE OF DEATH"  
NO MORE!!



WHEW! WAIT'LL THE COLONEL  
SEES WHAT I DRAGGED THE  
ARMY OUT TO STOP...  
WELL, I CAN'T DO ANYTHING  
ABOUT THAT NOW... I'VE A  
DATE INSIDE THAT  
VOLCANO!



NOW IM SURE THIS IS AN  
OIL FIRE... PLENTY OF SMOOT  
-BUT NO ASH!



WHAT'S THIS? A BIG  
NET!



YA! DIS  
OIL IS JUST WHAT  
WE NEED TO MAKE  
PLENTY OF SMOKE!



HA HA HA! WHEN THESE NATIVES THROW  
THE PEOPLE IN HERE FOR SACRIFICE  
WE WILL HAVE ENOUGH MEN TO BUILD  
A DOZEN SUBMARINE BASES. NO ONE  
WILL COME AROUND TO SEE WHAT  
HAPPENED TO  
THEM!



YA! IT IS NICE OF  
THESE NATIVES TO HAVE  
SACRED MOUNTAINS!

ESPECIALLY ONE MIT AN UNDERGROUND  
TUNNEL OUT INTO DER OCEAN SO  
OUR SUBMARINES CAN GET IN  
AND OUT... A PERFECT BASE!



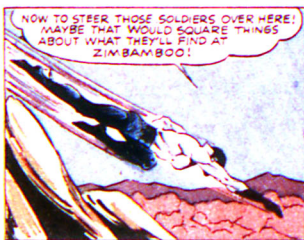
SO... THAT'S IT!



THIS NET IS GOING TO  
SAVE ME A LOT OF  
TIME AND  
TROUBLE!







# Salty Waters

Y MEAN THEY'RE  
GIVIN' US A DANCE  
RIGHT HERE ON  
SHIP BOARD?

SURE...  
WID  
HOSTESSES  
AN'  
EVERYTHING

HM - DIDNT  
TAKE DUGAN  
LONG TO  
GET GOIN'

BUT ALL  
THEM HOSTESSES  
SEEM T'BE  
GRABBED  
UP!

AH! THERES  
ONE -- PRETTY  
HEFTY OLD JOB  
BUT I CANT-BE  
TOO CHOOSY!

WOT SAY,  
STOUT STUFF,  
HOW ABOUT  
YOUN ME  
SHAKIN'  
A LEG?

I'LL SNAP  
YOU OUTTA  
TH' DUMPS!

Y CAN'T  
BE A  
WALL-  
FLOWER,  
Y KNOW!

WALL-  
FLOWER!

TAKES THE KINKS  
OUTTA THEM  
OLD GAMS -  
EH, FAT GIRL?

AND NOW  
THAT  
YOU'VE  
TAKEN TH'  
KINKS OUT  
OF MY  
WIFE!

BY CAESAR'S GOAT...  
I'LL TAKE A FEW  
OUT OF YOU!

TH'  
ADMIRAL!

COME OUTTA THAT UUN,  
YOU BUG-BRAINED BARNACLE,  
OR I'LL FIRE THE ~~MISSILE~~ ~~THING~~!

AND THE  
FARTHER YOU  
FIRE ME THE  
BETTER, SIR!

# Prop POWERS

TO WHAT LENGTHS WILL THE NAZIS CARRY THEIR TREACHEROUS PLANS TO DESTROY THE WORLD? PROP AND LANK UNCOVER A SNEAKING PLOT THAT CALLS FOR THE DESTRUCTION OF THE BIGGEST CITY IN AMERICA... PROP AND LANK VERSUS THE GERMAN HIGH COMMAND... WHO'S GOING TO WIN?



BERLIN...

MEIN FEHRER, PLEASE CALM YOURSELF! DER WHOLE RUS YOU'RE CHEWING OPP UND IT GIFFS NO VITAMING!

SCHWEIN! AN ADMIRAL YOU'RE CALLING YOURSELF, UND A LITTLE TING LIKE BOMBING NEW YORK, YOU CANNOT DO! I WILL KILL MYSELF, MIT SHAME, DOT'S VOT I'LL DO!

BUT, MEIN FEHRER, WE HAF AT LAST FOUND DER WAY TO DO IT...UND SOON IT HAPPENS!





ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE OCEAN, PROP AND LANK ARE ON PATROL DUTY..



HEY, LANK! DO YOU SEE WHAT I SEE?

DANGLED IF IT ISN'T A FERRY BOAT!



BUT WHAT'S IT DOING THIS FAR OUT? WE'RE GOING TO HAVE A LOOK!



WHY SHUCKS? IT'S ONE OF THOSE FERRIES THE COAST GUARD'S USIN' TO TRAIN OUR ROOKIES!

THAT'S RIGHT, LANK! THE SKIPPER'S WAVING TO US!



HELLO. THERE! WHAT'S UP?

BUT IS THIS JUST A HARMLESS FERRY BOAT?

THAT WAS CLOSE! BUT WE FOOLED THEM! WARM UP THE PLANES! WE'RE APPROACHING THE HARBOR!

JA, MEIN KAPITAN!

THE INTERIOR OF THE SEEMINGLY INNOCENT FERRY HAS BEEN REBUILT TO HOLD TWO MEDIUM-SIZED BOMBERS..

ACHTUNG! PREPARE DER PLANES!

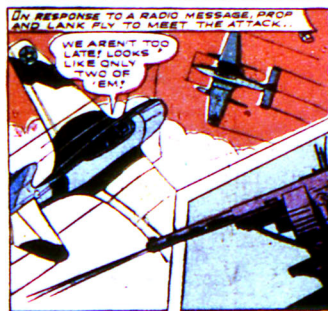
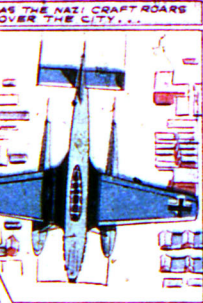
THE MOTORS WHIR..



AND THE BOMBERS ARE CATAULTED  
OFF THE FERRY...



DIS'ISS DER  
CHANCE I HAAVE  
WAITED FOR! I  
VILL DROP A BOMB  
ON DOT BALOON ON  
TENTH AVE...VER I  
VAS VUNCE THROWN  
OUT, VEN I LIVED  
IN AMERICA?





THEY'RE TRYING  
HARD TO LOSE  
US IN A SMOKE  
SCREEN!



HOLY COW!

IT'S THAT  
FERRY WE  
SAW OUT AT  
SEA!



AN ANTI-AIRCRAFT SHELL  
FROM THE FERRY'S GUN  
FINDS ITS MARK IN  
PROP'S PLANE..



THE FERRY'S GETTING  
READY TO MOVE OUT!  
SWIM FOR IT,  
LANE!!



WE'VE GOT  
TO GET ON THAT  
TUB AND STOP  
THEM!



WATNAT NOBODY  
SUSPECTS YET  
WHERE DER  
PLANES CAME  
FROM!

OH  
NO!







USING HIS POWERS OF MAGIC AND HYPNOTISM, MERLIN THE MAGICIAN AIDS THE VALIANT FORCES OF DEMOCRACY AGAINST THE BEASTS OF BERLIN.

UOY ERA  
DEMOOD!

BY LANCE  
BLACKWOOD

# MERLIN THE MAGICIAN

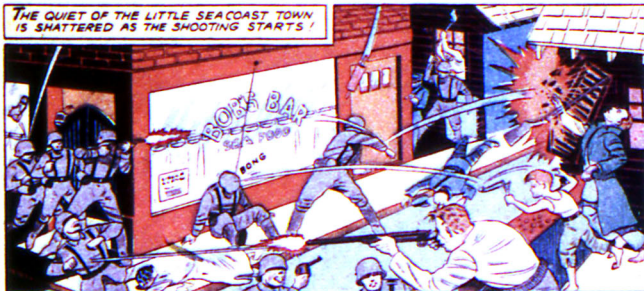
IN THE DARK OF NIGHT A HUGE  
NAZI U-BOAT COMES UP OFF  
THE ATLANTIC COAST.

THIS IS A TOKEN RAID—YOUR  
MISSION IS TO WRECK COAST  
TOWN AND TERRIFY  
THE PEOPLE. HEIL  
HITLER!

HEIL  
HITLER!

IT'LL BE A CINCH FOR  
A HUNDRED PICKED  
"S.S." MEN LIKE  
THOSE!







I'D A SWORN I SAW  
THAT MAGICIAN  
HERE -



QUICKLY THE DAZED CIVILIANS  
ARE HERDED INTO THE VILLAGE  
STREET



LINE UP!  
'N SHUT UP!



FOR EVERY GERMAN SOLDIER KILLED  
TEN OF YOU WILL BE HUNG IN  
ACCORDANCE WITH THE NEW  
ORDER - BWAHAHA!



SO THAT'S THE NEW  
ORDER! WE'LL SEE  
WHO GETS HUNG!



THIS SIGNPOST IS ALL  
RIGHT FOR THE FIRST  
GALLOWS - WE'LL HANG  
THEM ALL OVER TOWN!



GIT UP THERE, UGLY,  
OLD ONE - AND SAY  
YOUR PRAYERS!

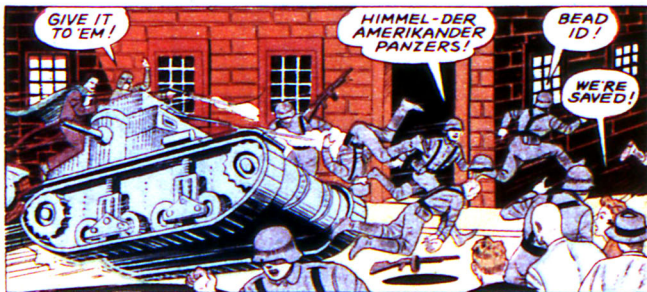
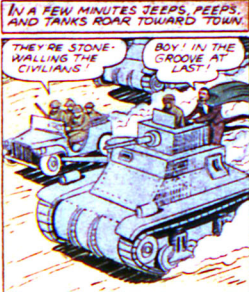


EPOR KCATTA  
EHT IZAN!

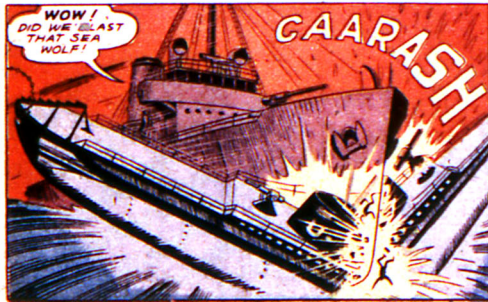


AT PERLIN'S COMMAND THE  
NOOSE JUMPS FROM THE  
SOLDIER'S HAND!









CAARASH

# THE DESERT ALWAYS WINS

**T**HE huge tank rumbled across the desert with all the grace of a pachyderm, and with far more racket. The crew sweated and choked on the heavy dust that filled the interior. Outside, the sun beat down on the great steel armor, converting it into a hot-plate.

Lieut. Sellers mopped his wet face and growled.

"Man alive! If I ever get out of this, I'll take mine in the open, and to heck with the Jerries!"

At that moment a terrific explosion shook the big tank, and the driver clutched wildly at the wheel. The machine dived in a half-turn, pitched down a slope of loose sand and stopped at a sharp angle.

"Holy cow!" yelled Morgan, picking himself up from the heap he found himself in. "Cantcha hold that thing, Mopsy? You darn near busted all my ribs."

Mopsy, the driver, grinned sheepishly. "Think that one got us, fellers. Let's take a look-see."

They all piled out. The damage was slight; only a portion of the tractor treads torn away on the right side. The heavy plate was dented from flying pieces of shrapnel.

Lieut. Sellers said, "Take us a couple hours to fix those treads, huh?"

The mechanics got busy, there in the burning heat of the Libyan Desert. They had worked an hour when Sellers shouted, "Duck, you guys! There they come!"

Jerry was bearing down on them—five of him Messerschmidts. Before they had all leaped into the protecting interior of the tank, tracers were spewing down, at them in a deadly stream. The planes roared over, banked a half mile away, and came at them again. Machine gun bullets splattered against the armor like hail stones.

The crew cowered inside, hoping the devils didn't have anything heavier than .55mm cannon on those planes.

"All clear," said Sellers. "I'll take a look and see if the dirty rats are gone." He withdrew his head after a moment, reporting the planes gone. They got to work again on the treads, and in less than an hour had them repaired.

"Gosh," said one of the crew, "I'd give my next pay check for a slug of ice water."

Nobody answered him. For five days they had been lost from the main body of troops. There had been a whirlwind charge of British and American units against Rommel's division, which had appeared to wither under the hot fire of the Allies; then something had happened. Rommel's forces had got up new steam, evidently rejuvenated by a large force of dive bombers fresh from Germany. They had retaliated with a deadly hail of fire, and the Allies were forced to abandon what they had gained.

Just how this tank unit had become lost from the main body in the retreat nobody knew. Suddenly they had found themselves in the middle of the desert and there was no one near them.

By now they had almost lost count of the days in which they had been wandering across the sands. Their fuel supply was low; they were out of food and their water tanks were empty.

"We've got to get water soon," said Lieut. Sellers with a shake of his blond head. "Not only for us but for the engines. They're steaming now."

They were. In the terrible temperature the motors ran hot anyway, but with the radiators almost empty they had turned into steam engines.

Late that evening someone sighted an oasis and a bowl of pleasure went up from the cramped crew. The driver gave the tank everything it would take and they rolled into Siwa Oasis in a great cloud of dust. Two small lakes dotted the burned terrain, not more than a half mile from the shady oasis, and the men made for the cool water in a body. Lieut. Sellers,

yelled to them to take it easy, but it was like trying to halt a herd of stampeding cattle. Water! Blessed water!

The soldiers fell on their stomachs and stuck their heads deep into the sparkling fluid, drinking deep.

Mopsy, the driver, after filling himself, fell back with a groan. "Man, oh man!" he gasped. "Ain't this the life!"

Abdul Krim, the Berber headman of the oasis, was a bearded, burnoosed sheik of the movie type. His great flowing robe flapped about his knees as he walked. He was most cordial to the American soldiers. He ordered a feast and that night the crew of the lost tank stuffed themselves to the bursting point.

Abdul Krim's men were a rough, hard lot, every one of them mounted on the most beautiful horses to be seen anywhere. They were in the pay of the Egyptian army, on a raiding foray against straggling Germans and Italians. As Abdul capily put it: "My men have bagged—oh, quite a number of the infidels. There are many more to bag. Enfendi!"

Lieut. Sellers laughed. Then he told the sheik of their predicament. Abdul grinned. It was a good joke, getting lost in the desert. Then he proposed a plan to Lieut. Sellers. Why not join up with his raiding party, until such time as they could find the main body of the army?

Why not, indeed? Sellers saw the value of the alliance and accepted with enthusiasm. The tank would lend protection to the horsemen, and vice versa. They might be able to round up a nice collection of the enemy.

Just before dawn that morning, however, their plans received a jolt. A swarm of bombers came over the oasis and laid a basket of eggs. The bombs fell short of their target, but the planes came back and dropped another load. Some of these latter hit the corrals, killing several horses. Now, if there is anything that will make a desert man see red, it is to kill his horse. The Berbers went mad with hate. They had an antiquated anti-aircraft gun hidden in some brush, and they cut loose. Maybe by luck or otherwise, the first burst

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brought down a ship. It fell into a spin and crashed on the desert not a mile from the oasis. By a miracle it did not catch fire and Sellers saw a golden opportunity.

When the enemy was driven off, he took a small detachment of his men and went to the plane. The pilot and three-man crew were dead, riddled with shrapnel when the shell had burst. They dragged the men out and began an inspection of the ship. The landing gear had come down and was twisted out of shape, but otherwise the plane was in fair condition.

"What a break!" exclaimed Sellers. "Won't take us long to patch up this heap. Then we'll do a bit of skylarking on our own."

The balance of that day was used in repairing the plane. The engine was in perfect shape, and Sellers took off after a moment, circled around for a few minutes and set down again. Old Abdul had a good supply of petrol, stashed in his oasis by the British some time before.

Ken Grove, bronzed young American adventurer, in Egypt for the moment on a secret mission for his government, listened to Major Blakeley of the First British Volunteers. The Major had a yarn to spin. It had to do with a tank and its crew which had become lost from the main force.

"Haven't the slightest idea how it happened," he told Ken. "But that tank crew is one of our best, and I have reason to believe that it didn't fall into enemy hands. I know that dog-gone Lieut. Sellers; he's a devil on wheels. We've got to find them, Grove."

Ken pondered. How often he had set out on a definite mission, only to find himself engaged in some other task. But it ended up the same. So long as he was serving his country, or that of the Allies, he cared not a whit where the chase led him. He said, "All right, Major, I'll do what I can. You have the ship ready?"

It was a sturdy ship, nothing less than a sleek Spitfire, with twin cannons and three machine-guns.

"Well, here goes nothing!" he sang out as he revved the motors. In a moment he was skimming across the sandy field and had lifted, roaring into the blue Egyptian skies at 200 miles an hour.

He flew all that day, dropping low over every oasis, watching each puff of desert dust, searching. But he saw nothing of the lost tank. He saw

nothing else, however. Towards evening he spotted a large contingent of German soldiers, bolstered by a tank force, surging eastward out of Libya. Where were they bound?

Darkness settled soon afterward and Ken was forced to land for the night. Once during the darkness he thought he heard heavy firing but couldn't be certain as a strong wind had arisen. At dawn he searched the terrain with his binoculars, saw nothing amiss, and again took to the air. He hadn't flown fifty miles when he saw again the big German force, still forging eastward. Then he saw the tank. It was rumbling along at a fair clip toward the east, and trailing it was a large body of horsemen. He knew the Germans would overtake the smaller body very soon. He dropped lower, then set down a few rods from the tank and the desert horsemen.

It took only a moment to reveal that this was indeed the lost tank. Lieut. Sellers explained the situation in a few words. And at that moment the German plane landed near Ken's ship. He started, then got control of himself as a tousled-headed young American leaped out of the cockpit. Sellers told him how the ship had been captured.

"Well, boys," said Ken. "I think you're in for trouble. An enemy force isn't ten miles behind you now. I know you can't hope to hold 'em off—and worse still you can't get away, not in that old tank."

Sellers looked glum. "What d'ya suggest, Grove?"

Ken looked thoughtful. Then he

suddenly held up his hand to test the wind. "Just right," he said as if to himself.

"Meaning?" said Sellers dubiously.

"This," Ken said. Then he explained his plan. Sellers wasn't too hot for it, but there wasn't anything else to do. They got the two planes lined up facing the east, and started their engines. The slipstream from the two ships hurled a great pall of dust into the air, creating a gigantic sandstorm. In a moment the sky toward the west was invisible and the mounting cloud of dust rose into the heavens in a dense blanket of saffron particles.

The German commander of the advancing division ran for shelter and the soldiers covered their faces with wet towels. This was one of those terrific, deadly dust storms of which they had heard but never experienced. It lasted an hour, and when the air again cleared there was no sign of the lost tank, the two planes, or the Berbers on horseback.

"Now that," said Lieut. Sellers to Major Blakeley five hours later, "is what I call one of the cleverest little tricks I ever saw pulled. Believe me, that Ken Grove had has a brain!"

The major heartily agreed with his lieutenant. Had it not been for the screening fog of dust, the Germans would have killed or captured every man in the desert party.

"Yeah," observed Major Blakeley to himself as Lieut. Sellers went striding off to his quarters, "that young Grove feller is somebody to be proud of!"

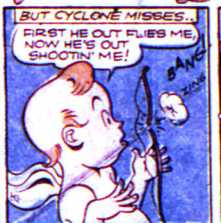
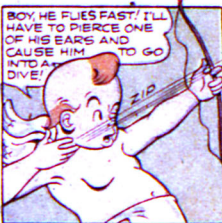
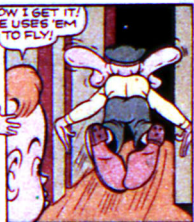
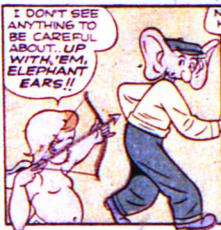
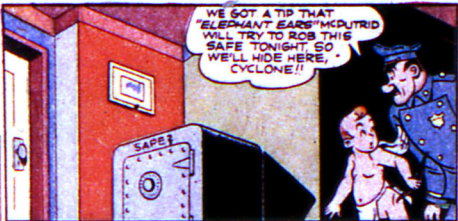
More of **PLASTIC MAN**  
**MOST UNUSUAL COMIC**  
**MAGAZINE CHARACTER**  
**IN THE NOVEMBER ISSUE OF**  
**POLICE**  
**COMICS**  
**ON SALE SEPTEMBER 9<sup>TH</sup>**



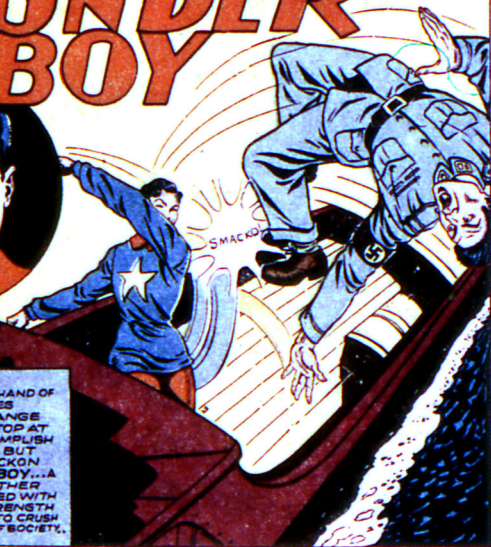
# CYCLONE CUPID

HE AIN'T STUPID!

by GILL  
FOX-



# WONDER BOY



**T**HE LONG BLOODY HAND OF AMERICA'S ENEMIES REACH INTO STRANGE PLACES. THEY STOP AT NOTHING TO ACCOMPLISH THEIR FOUL ENDS, BUT THEY HAVE TO RECKON WITH WONDER BOY...A SUBJECT OF ANOTHER PLANET, ENDOWED WITH PHENOMENAL STRENGTH WHICH HE USES TO CRUSH THE VULTURES OF SOCIETY.

WONDER BOY IS ATTRACTED BY A GROUP OF BOYS, AROUND A PRIVATE CRAFT...



A FEW MINUTES LATER AT THE PAGE MANAGER'S...



UNKNOWN TO ALL, WATSON IS CAREFULLY LISTENING...





VE OWE YOU  
NODDING,  
AMERICAN  
BRAT!



BUT VE  
PAY  
ANYWAY..  
COME!



NOW VE  
ARE EVEN,  
EH?

HA!  
HA!



THEN, AS THE NAZI'S GO BELOW..



RELAY, PAGE..  
I'LL GET YOU  
IN A MINUTE!

NOW, TALK? HOW  
COME YOU'RE MIXED  
UP WITH NAZIS?

YOU...YOU  
SAVED MY  
LIFE!



I'LL TELL YOU  
EVERYTHING! I DID  
IT FOR ADVENTURE  
I GAVE THEM SOME  
OLD BLUE PRINTS OF  
THE HOLLAND TUNNEL.  
THEY BELONGED  
TO MY DAD!



..THEN THEY  
TOLD ME THEY  
WERE GOING TO  
TORPEDO IT  
FROM A SUB!

WHAT?



AND AS THEY  
ARE TALKING,  
THE NAZI CRAFT  
PULLS AWAY..



THERE  
THEY GO,  
BUT WE'RE  
GOING  
AFTER  
THEM!

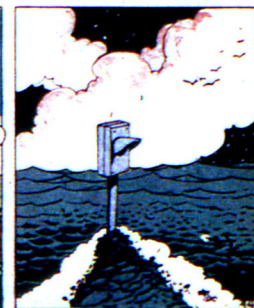
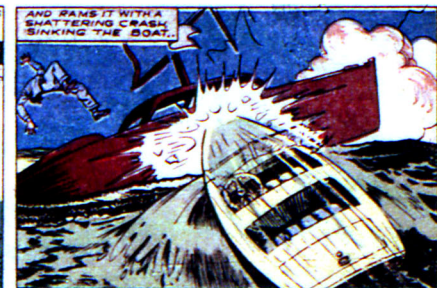


WHEN THEY LIGHT  
THREE FLARES, IT WILL  
BE A SIGNAL TO ONE OF  
THEIR SHIPS TO TORPEDO  
THE TUNNEL!



LOOK!  
THERE'S  
THE FLARE  
NOW!

OUR SUB VILL  
SEE DER  
FLARES BY  
DER PERISCOPE!



MEANWHILE, THE HARBOR POLICE INVESTIGATE THE EXPLOSION...

TRUBLE!  
MAN THE  
BOATS!

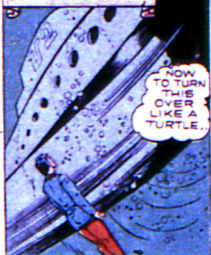


THAT SUB IS  
NEARING ITS  
DESTINATION,  
WONDER BOY!

HANG ON  
HERE...I'LL  
HANDLE  
THIS  
ALONE!



DIVING UNDER WATER,  
WONDER BOY MAKES  
USE OF HIS TREMEN-  
DOUS STRENGTH...



NOW  
TO TURN  
THIS  
OVER  
LIKE A  
TURTLE.

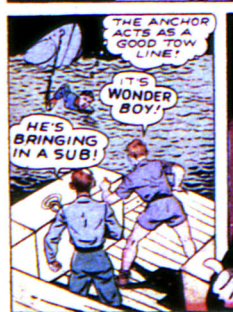
AND TURNS THE SUBMARINE  
UPSIDE DOWN.



THAT'S THAT!  
NOW IT CAN'T  
HURT ANYBODY  
OR ANYTHING!

VOT  
GIFFS!

YEOW!



THE ANCHOR  
ACTS AS A  
GOOD TOW  
LINE!

IT'S  
WONDER  
BOY!

HE'S  
BRINGING  
IN A SUB!

LATER...

LINE UP OVER  
THERE. RATS  
AN BE THANK-  
FUL YOU DIDN'T  
GO DOWN  
WITH YER  
SUB!

YOU  
SAVED  
THE  
TUNNEL,  
KID!

SO LONG FOR NOW  
GANG...I'LL BE  
LOOKIN' FOR YOU IN  
THE NEXT ISSUE OF  
NATIONAL  
COMICS!





# MISS WINKY

## The All-American Girl

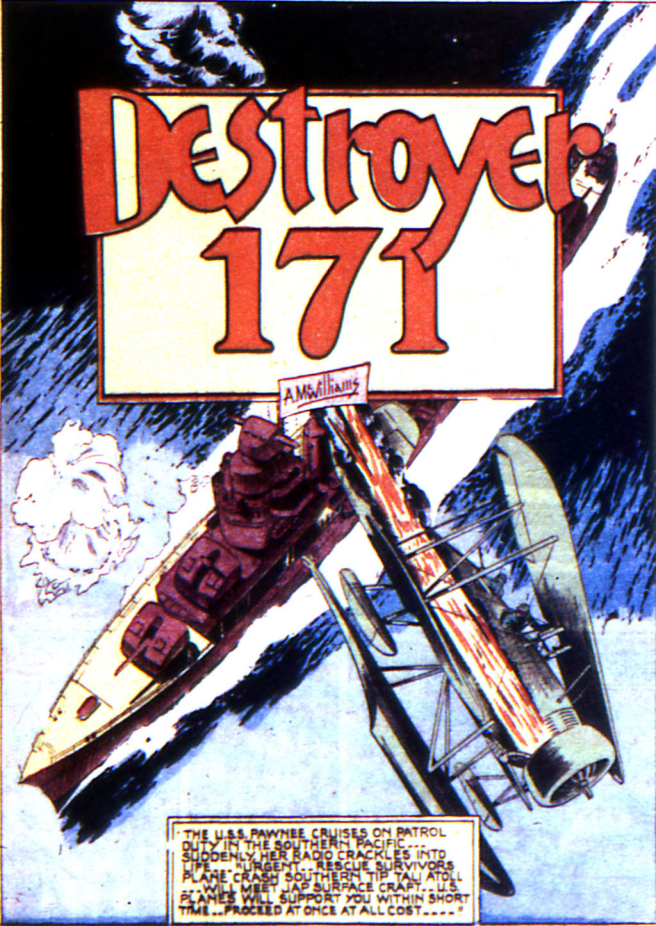
I JUST DON'T KNOW WHAT TO DO ABOUT MIDGE, NANCY--I WISH YOU'D COME OVER



THE POOR LITTLE CHILD IS SICK AND REALLY NEEDS TO TAKE THAT MEDICINE... IT SAYS IN THIS DOCTOR BOOK IT'S THE RIGHT THING TO DO FOR HER!



# Destroyer 171



THE U.S.S. PAWNEE CRUISES ON PATROL  
DUTY IN THE SOUTHERN PACIFIC...  
SUDDENLY HER RADIO CRACKLES INTO  
LIFE... URGENT... RESCUE SURVIVORS  
PLANE CRASH SOUTHERN TIP TAIL ATOLL  
...WILL MEET JAP SURFACE CRAFT... U.S.  
PLANES WILL SUPPORT YOU WITHIN SHORT  
TIME... PROCEED AT ONCE AT ALL COST... " "

ON THE PAWNEE'S BRIDGE, LIEUTENANT COMMANDER LAKE AND CONROY, HIS FIRST OFFICER, SCAN THE MESSAGE...



MUST BE IMPORTANT, SKIPPER, IF THEY'LL BREAK RADIO SILENCE TO SEND US THIS MESSAGE!

IT MEANS THAT THE JAPS ALREADY KNOW OF THE CRASH

THAT'S WHY IT SAYS WE'LL RUN INTO JAP SHIPS--! IT'S GOING TO BE A RACE TO SEE WHO GETS THERE FIRST, I'M AFRAID

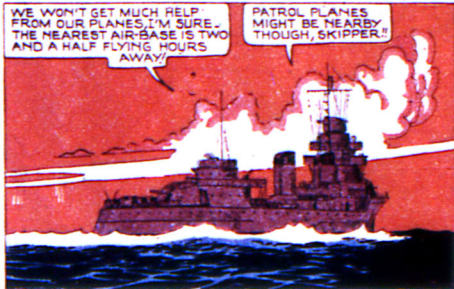


FULL SPEED CONROY... SOUND GENERAL STATIONS... TALI ATOLL IS ONLY ONE HOUR AWAY....



WE WON'T GET MUCH HELP FROM OUR PLANES, I'M SURE. THE NEAREST AIR-BASE IS TWO AND A HALF FLYING HOURS AWAY!

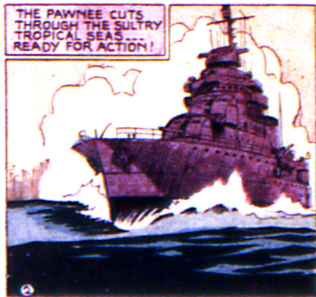
PATROL PLANES MIGHT BE NEARBY THOUGH, SKIPPER!!



DOUBT IT... THEY WOULDN'T BE RISKING A VALUABLE DESTROYER IF A PLANE COULD DO THE JOB!



THE PAWNEE CUTS THROUGH THE SULTRY TROPICAL SEAS... READY FOR ACTION!



LAND, TWO POINTS OFF PORT BOW....!!



GET OUT THE CHARTS, CONROY... THIS PLACE WILL BE FULL OF REEFS





THE DESTROYER RAPIDLY APPROACHES THE FIRST SERIES OF CORAL REEFS BORDERING TALI ATOLL ---



THERE'S EVIDENCE THE WRECKED PLANE... LOOKS LIKE A BAD CRASH



"SHE'S LYING IN THE INNER CIRCLE OF REEFS... IT'LL BE A JOB GETTING TO HER..."



"JAP LIGHT CRUISER TO THE SOUTH, SIR!"



BY HEAVENS, SIR... IT'S ENTERING THE CHANNEL INTO THE WRECKED PLANE BEFORE US!... WE'RE TOO LATE!"

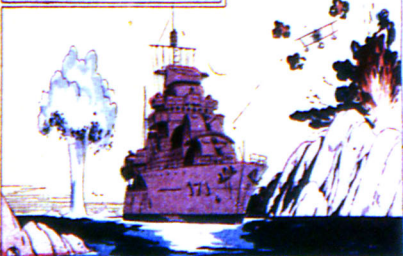
NOT YET!... THERE'S A SHORT CUT THROUGH THOSE REEFS AT HIGH TIDE... IT'S ALMOST HIGH NOW... WE MAY RIP THE PAWNEE'S BOTTOM OUT BUT ORDERS ARE TO PROCEED AT ALL COSTS!"



JAP SEAPLANE FROM THE CRUISER COMING UP, SIR..."



AS THE U.S. DESTROYER ENTERS A NARROW PASSAGE AMONG THE REEFS, THE DISTANT JAP CRUISER COMMENCES SHELLING HER.



GET THAT SEAPLANE HE'S GUIDING THE CRUISER'S GUNFIRE AND WE'RE TRAPPED IN THIS BLASTED CHANNEL!"



THE JAP PILOT CLIMBS MADLY FOR ALTITUDE...BUT THE SEA-PLANE IS SLOW...AND EVERY GUN ON THE DESTROYER IS BLAZING AWAY AT IT!!



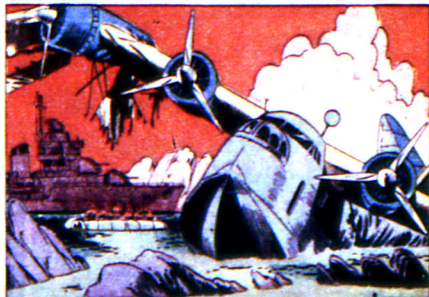
WE'RE JUST ABOUT TOUCHING BOTTOM...BUT AT LEAST WE WON'T BE BOTHERED BY THE CRUISER'S FIRE...WE'RE PRETTY WELL HIDDEN BEHIND THESE REEFS!!



THERE'S THE PLANE, SKIPPER! HER MEN ARE PADDLING OUT IN THEIR LIFE RAFT TO MEET US



GOOD! THAT SAVES PRECIOUS TIME...



PULL 'EM ABOARD QUICKLY  
MEN... TELL 'EM TO REPORT  
ON THE BRIDGE...

FULL ASTERN STARBOARD  
ENGINE, FULL AHEAD ON  
PORT... STARBOARD THE  
HELM... WE'VE GOT TO GET  
OUT OF HERE BEFORE THAT  
CRUISER ARRIVES!

THE PAWNEE STARTS BACK  
THROUGH THE MAZE OF REEFS  
AS THE JAP CRUISER COMES  
INTO SIGHT ASTERN...

THE FLEEING DESTROYER'S STERN  
GUN OPENS FIRE AS THE JAP SHELLS  
START DROPPING AROUND HER...

TIDES EBBING, SIR! I KNOW...  
WE'LL BE LUCKY TO EVEN IF THEY  
GET OUT OF THIS ARE FIRING  
MESS...!! AT US WE  
CAN'T INCREASE  
OUR SPEED...

GOOD AFTERNOON,  
COMMANDER... I  
AM GENERAL  
BUTLER...

G-GENERAL  
BUTLER...!!  
WHY, YOU'RE  
COMMANDER  
OF ALL THE  
ALLIED FORCES  
IN THE  
NEAR EAST!!

YES, WE WERE FORCED  
DOWN BY ENGINE TROUBLE.  
AFTER THEY WERE HIT BY  
JAP ANTI-AIRCRAFT FIRE...  
WE WERE LOOKING FOR  
OUR PLANES TO RESCUE US

... WE CERTAINLY NEVER  
EXPECTED TO SEE A U.S.  
DESTROYER COME THROUGH  
THESE REEFS"... AN AMAZ-  
ING PIECE OF SEAMANSHIP!



WE'RE NOT OUT OF THIS YET, GENERAL! ALTHOUGH THAT CRUISER IS TOO BIG TO FOLLOW US OUT THIS WAY.



THE JAP CRUISER CEASES FIRING AND ATTEMPTS TO TURN IN THE NARROW SPACE.



BUT SHE RAMS A REEF... PUTTING HER OUT OF THE ACTION!



IF WE CAN GET THROUGH THIS SPACE, THE REST OF THE CHANNEL WILL BE EASY...



WHEW!...WE'RE THROUGH! FIFTEEN MINUTES LATER AND THE TIDE WOULD'VE BEEN TOO LOW...WE'D HAVE BEEN TRAPPED IN THERE!!



AS THE PAWNEE REACHES OPEN WATER, A FLIGHT OF AMERICAN PLANES ROAR OVERHEAD...AND DROP THEIR DEADLY CARGOES ON THE TRAPPED JAP CRUISER...DESTROYING IT...!!



YOU'LL GET THE NAVY CROSS FOR THIS DAY'S WORK, COMMANDER...NEVER SAW A SHIP HANDLED THE WAY THIS ONE WAS!!

YES, GENERAL, IT TOOK THE NAVY TO SAVE THE ARMY ONCE AGAIN, EH?



# A BELL RINGER!

PACKED  
WITH  
THRILLS



FEATURING AMERICA'S GREATEST COMIC CHARACTER

## BLACKHAWK

ALSO THE SNIPER, SECRET WAR NEWS, PHANTOM CLIPPER  
AND MANY OTHERS

# DON'T MISS THEM!

# THE Tootsie Roll OF HONOR

MEET THE POPULARITY CONTEST WINNERS

*See what made them win!*

## MEET EDDIE L. He's full of ideas



EDDIE'S THE BOY who starts things! And people love him for it. Now he's got his friends making gifts for British children. Eddie eats plenty of Tootsie Rolls. They're fun for brains as well as muscles!

## MEET VIRGINIA D. She's a true patriot



IS VIRGINIA POPULAR? You bet! She sold more Defense Stamps than anybody else in her school. Everyone loves a patriot. (And this patriot sure loves Tootsie Rolls!)

## MEET TOMMY R. That boy does everything well!



EVERYBODY ADMIRES Tommy because he's a champion. In diving, skating, baseball! He practices plenty... he has plenty of pep! No day goes by without a Tootsie Roll.



UNCLE SAM SAYS "Make sure what you eat is nourishing, pure, and full of energy." Eat plenty of Tootsie Rolls. They're rich in wholesome Dextrose - give you quick food-energy.

BUY DEFENSE STAMPS!



**TOOTSIE WINS, TOO!**

The winners in any popularity contest! More children and grown-ups love Tootsie than any other candy!

**1¢ AND 5¢**



Only **TOOTSIE POPS** have a Heart!

Fruity Outside—but with Cherry Tootsie Roll inside. Only 1¢.

EAT A TOOTSIE A DAY - Enriched with DEXTROSE for quick food-energy